

nor flippant gaiety. Paris was serious, settled, almost reserved. The country was busy and peaceful, agriculture prosperous, the church restored, life and goods safe, the highways improved, social and mercantile relations regular and dignified. The person of Bonaparte impressed them as that of a sagacious statesman; a commingling, they thought and feared, of Cromwell and Washington. Of anything like their own industrial revival they saw nothing; the ruler, they could see, was not a great financier, not even a fair economist. But he was equally great as a warrior and a civilian, so they returned to report to deaf ears that peace must be maintained even at great sacrifice. Liberal and sympathetic Germans made similar observations, and they marked with interest the simple life and plain ways which prevailed in the Tuileries as the example given to the men of power who had risen to replace the theorists of the Revolution. The France that would offer itself in expiation of monarchical crimes, the regenerator of peoples, the expounder of Utopias, was no more. Firm and erect as her ruler, she appeared no longer as an enchantress, but as a Bellona; herself regenerate, she was defiant of the unregenerate dynasties, which retained but a single high quality: they were the only outward expression of continental nationality. These strained relations between the two great Western powers were the natural consequence of their antipodal interests, and of the fact that neither was yet exhausted by war. Speaking of the treaty of Amiens soon after it was signed, George III said, "I call this an experimental peace; it is nothing else." It was a double experiment. How far would Bonaparte curb his ambition? How far would England surrender her control of European commerce? It soon became clear that a conciliatory temper existed on neither side, and